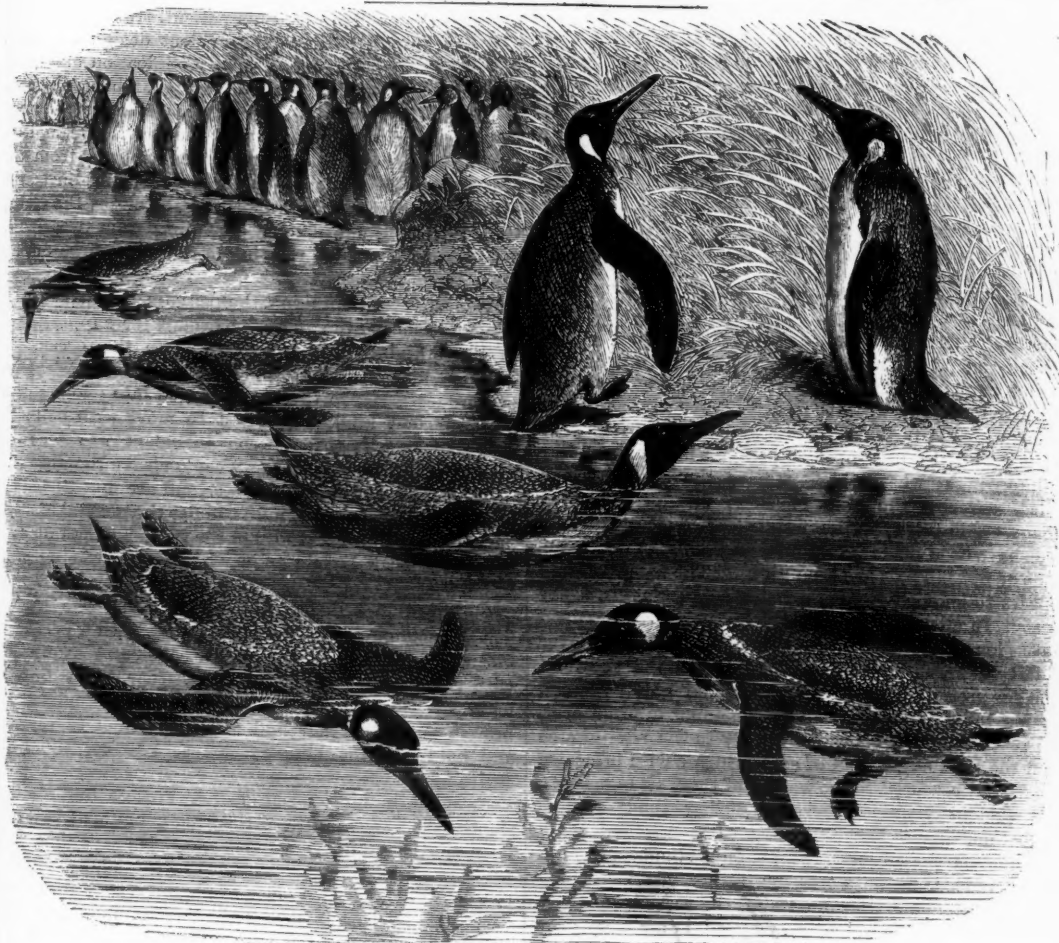


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



KING PENGUIN (*Aptenodytes Forsteri*) IN AND OUT OF WATER.

THE KING PENGUIN.

PENGUINS are a most remarkable group of swimming-birds, found exclusively in the Antarctic regions. Hitherto all we know of their habits has been obtained from scraps related by travellers who have visited the haunts of these birds during the breeding season; after all, mere waifs of information, scattered through a great many volumes of travel and natural history. True there are stuffed skins in the British and other museums; but who can glean any adequate idea from them of the living bird, or imagine how it swims, dives, walks, and

captures its food? One might as reasonably expect a dried mummy to portray faithfully the beauty and expression of the human face. A living specimen, the first that had ever reached Europe, was, however, recently placed in the Zoological Society's garden in the Regent's Park. It was brought to England by Captain Fenwick, R.N., in Her Majesty's ship "Harrier," from the Falkland Islands, where it was brought on board with several more; the others soon died, but this, from being rather stronger, and possessing a more docile and friendly disposition, accepted the petting and caressing of the sailors, and was tempted to swallow both fish

and fat; and on this diet, principally however on the latter, subsisted during the voyage, eventually reaching England in very fair condition. Why it continued to refuse the most tempting food, unless given by the hand of the keeper, is a secret unknown. If a fish were placed on a stool close to its beak, or thrown into the water, the bird would take not the slightest possible notice, but, uttering a plaintive cry, would twitch at the keeper's cuff and open its mouth, evidently asking for another fish to be dropped into it.

For the information of those readers of "The Leisure Hour" who saw this hitherto unique inmate of the Zoological Gardens, we give some account of its affinities and habits.

The most striking characteristic of the Natatores, or swimming-birds, is derived from the structure of their feet, which are always palmate, and usually, but not invariably, furnished with webs or membranes joining the toes.

Professor Owen, referring ("Zoological Transactions") to the great auk (*Alca impennis*), says, "The wingless sea-bird of the southern region is of a family distinct from that to which the wingless sea-bird of the north belonged; but we have not yet found among the winged sea-fowl of the south any showing so close an affinity with *Aptenodytes antarcticus* (Antarctic penguin) as many of the northern sea-fowl show to *Alca impennis*." From this we glean that the winged sea-birds of the two hemispheres are formed on different types, though each most perfectly adapted to an existence almost aquatic. They do not support themselves when standing on the toes, as other birds, but upon the entire lower surface of the tarsus, which is furnished with a kind of sole, to adapt it to the required purpose. The penguin has rudimentary fin-like wings; what to the eye have the appearance of scales, covering the skin of these strangely-changed organs, are in reality wonderfully-shaped feathers. These birds have been made into a distinct family, to which the name of *Spheniscidae* has been given. The name penguin appears to be derived from a Latin word, *pinguis*, fat or greasy. In all water-birds, especially such as are destined to pass long periods in intensely cold water, a thick layer of fatty material forms a casing between the skin and flesh; a great-coat an Esquimaux would gladly possess, serving the double purpose of husbanding internal heat, and precluding any chance of injury to the vital organs from the numbing effects of cold. Such a wise provision is perfectly essential to the welfare of these strange birds, that seldom visit land except during the period of incubation.

When on the ground, the penguin stands quite upright; indeed, as he walks, or rather waddles along after the attendant who feeds him, the resemblance to a little, grave-looking old man, wrapped in a silvery grey cloak with hanging sleeves, is so apt a burlesque, a caricature so absurdly truthful, that one cannot resist indulging in a hearty laugh at the oddity of its gait. Although its position when at rest appears to be much the same as when standing or walking, yet there is a wide and most important difference; when resting, the toes are cocked straight up, and the tail pressed into the service as an assistant; but, to thoroughly comprehend and appreciate this novel arrangement, we must glance at its habits during incubation.

The shape of the bird tells us at once that it could never hatch its young by the warmth of its breast-feathers—some other plan is necessitated. Nature, ever fertile in wise expedients, thus accomplishes the difficulty. The tail-feathers, observe, are short, stiff, and intended to act as a mechanical support. When the

period of incubation arrives, the male and female visit the land; selecting a sandy spot near the sea, the female scrapes a hole, in which she deposits a single egg. The egg has to be hatched, and, to accomplish this, many weeks must be passed in sitting on it. Now we shall see how the strangely-formed legs are fitted, in conjunction with the tail, to carry out this long period of incubation without fatigue. The egg is held between the thighs, which are thickly feathered; the tail, forming a kind of roof for it behind, also acts as a mechanical support; and the toes are bent up, throwing the entire weight on what, for simplicity sake, we will venture to call the *heels*, on which novel tripod the penguin maintains a vertical position. The male, we are told, like a true and faithful husband, spends his time in fishing, bringing the spoils to feed his patient, trusty spouse.

Who can fail to trace the evident design and forethought displayed in this simple modification of parts? Muscle tires, however strong it may be, when subject to continual exertion; but, by simply elevating the toes, and transferring the weight to the backs of the legs, all strain and tension are at once removed from the muscles to the tendons—just as, in perching-birds, the act of sitting on a branch mechanically closes the claws, thus obviating all danger of falling from weariness, fatigue, or the sudden relaxing of muscular force during sleep.

Wings, strictly speaking, the penguin has none—if by wings are meant the requisite organs for supporting it in the air; but, destined to dwell in the ocean, the ordinary form of wing would have been a useless incumbrance. Hence they are changed into *paddles* of a most efficient kind, enabling it to move with as much ease and celerity through the turbulent waves as the powerfully winged condor and eagle cleave the air.

The breast-feathers are white, and are much used by ladies for trimmings and muffs, under the general name of *grebe* (although a great deal of the feather trimming sold is really what it is said to be, the breast-covering of a large species of grebe). The silvery grey back, rich green head and throat, relieved by two large golden yellow spots on each side of the head, with a prismatic gleam of colouring on the breast, harmonize exquisitely with the pure white of the entire front. The beak is long, slightly curved, and, to my mind, more fitted to browse on crustaceans and sea-weeds than to capture and hold fast the slippery fish said to constitute its entire food.

Weddell, in his journal of "A Voyage towards the South Pole," thus speaks of the king penguin as he found it in the island of South Georgia. He says that, "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed, even by the peacock, to which, in beauty of plumage, they are indeed very little inferior." During the time of moulting they seem to repel each other with disgust, on account of the ragged state of their coats; but, as they arrive at the maximum of splendour, they reassemble, and no one who has not completed his plumage is allowed to enter the community. Their frequently looking down their front and sides, in order to contemplate the perfection of their exterior brilliancy, and to remove any speck which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer. During the time of hatching the male is remarkably assiduous; so that, when the hen has occasion to go off to feed or wash, the egg is transported to him, which is done by placing their toes together and rolling it from one to the other, using their beaks to place it properly. As they have no nest, the egg is carried between the tail and legs, where the female, in particular, has a cavity for the purpose. The hen keeps charge of

her young nearly a year, and, in teaching them to swim, the mother has frequently to use some artifice; for, when the young one refuses to take to the water, she entices it to the side of a rock and pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes to the sea of its own accord."

Along the shores of Terra del Fuego, and on the Falkland Islands, a species (*Aptenodytes Magellanica*) dwells in thousands during the breeding season. The sailors in Captain Cook's ships killed immense numbers of them. "An old navigator," says another writer, "took three hundred in a quarter of an hour," and we hear of one hundred thousand eggs being carried off for food.

Dr. Latham states that M. Bougainville "caught one, which soon became so tame as to follow and know the person who had the care of it; it fed on fish, flesh, and bread, but after a time grew lean, pined away and died." The two largest known species are one from the Falkland Islands, named the Patagonian Penguin, (*Aptenodytes Patagonica*), described by Mr. G. Bennett, who saw a colony of these birds which covered an extent of forty acres. He says, "They were arranged on shore, in as compact a manner and in as regular ranks as a regiment of soldiers, and were classed in the greatest order, the young birds being in one situation, the moulting birds in another, the sitting hens in a third, the clean birds in a fourth, etc.; and so strictly do birds in a similar condition congregate, that, should a bird that is moulting intrude itself among those which are clean, it is immediately ejected from them." The other species is the great penguin (*Aptenodytes Forsteri*), which weighs from seventy to eighty pounds. The species already described by Mr. Bennett in all probability is the same as the one now at the Gardens, from which our illustration is taken (*Apt. Pennanti*). We are told by Sir James Clark Ross, in his "Voyage of Discovery in the Southern and Antarctic Regions:" "Possession Island is situated in lat. 71° 56', and long. 71° 7' E., composed entirely of igneous rocks, and only accessible on its western side. We saw not the smallest appearance of vegetation, but inconceivable myriads of penguins completely and densely covered the whole surface of the island, along the ledges of the precipices, and even to the summits of the hills, attacking us vigorously as we waded through their ranks, and pecking at us with their sharp beaks, disputing possession; which, together with their loud coarse notes, and the insupportable stench from the deep bed of guano which had been forming for ages, and which may at some period be valuable to the agriculturists of our Australian colonies, made us glad to get away again, after having loaded our boats with geological specimens and penguins." Captain Carmichael, in his description of the island of Tristan da Cunha, says of this species, the crested penguin, (*Catarrhactes chrysocoma* Briss.), "that it conceals itself among the long grass, and in the bottom of ravines where they open upon the shore. Here they assemble in countless multitudes, and keep up a moaning noise, which can be heard at a great distance from the mountain; and the bold, inhospitable coast around you is calculated to excite a train of ideas by no means pleasant."

Of the habits of another species, called the jackass penguin (*Budytes demersa*), Darwin gives the following account: "One day, having placed myself between a penguin and the water, I was much amused by watching its habits. It was a brave bird; and, till reaching the sea, it regularly fought and drove me backwards. Nothing less than heavy blows would have stopped him; every inch gained he firmly kept, standing close before me, erect and determined. When thus opposed, he con-

tinually rolled his head from side to side, in a very odd manner, as if the power of vision only lay in the anterior and basal part of each eye. This bird is commonly called the jackass penguin, from its habit, while on shore, of throwing its head backwards and making a loud, strange noise, very like the braying of that animal; but, while at sea and undisturbed, its note is very deep and solemn, and is often heard in the night-time. In diving, its little plumeless wings are used as fins, but, on the land, as front legs. When crawling (it may be said on four legs) through the tussocks, or on the side of a grassy cliff, it moved so quickly that it might readily have been mistaken for a quadruped. When at sea and fishing, it comes to the surface for the purpose of breathing with such a spring, and dives again so instantaneously, that I defy any one at first sight to be sure that it is not a fish leaping for sport."

Captain Fitzroy thus describes the way the jackass penguins feed their young, as he observed them at Noir Island: "The old bird gets on a little eminence and makes a great noise, between quacking and braying, holding its head up in the air, as if haranguing the penguinery; the young standing close, but a little lower, the old bird, having continued its clatter for about a minute, puts its head down and opens its mouth widely, into which the young one thrusts its head, and appears to suck from the throat of its mother for a minute or two, after which the clatter is repeated, and the young one is again fed."

Perhaps the reader may not be aware that water-birds, if long confined and unable to swim, lose the secretion furnished by the gland at the end of the back for the purpose of preventing the feathers from absorbing water. Hence, if a duck is suddenly taken from a coop in which it has been a prisoner for any length of time, and then thrown into a pond, it gets as wet as would a barn-door fowl. A few days' liberty, however, remedies the deficiency. For this reason, syringing the penguin lately brought home was resorted to as a precautionary measure.

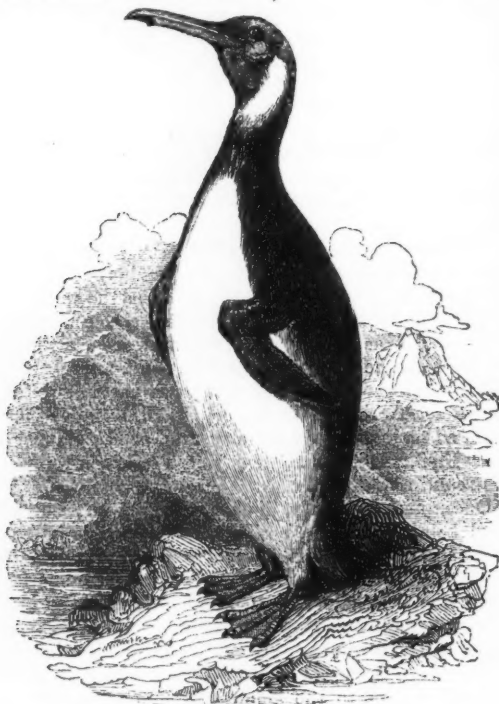
At least eight months out of the twelve are spent by these birds in the sea; yet the penguin in the Zoological Gardens for some time refused to enter the water, unless coaxed or pushed in, and in either case scuttled out again as fast as he could. Who can wonder at his objecting to bathe in a contemptible pond, after battling with the storm-lashed seas that wash the inhospitable shores of Terra del Fuego or the Falklands? One could as reasonably picture a vyking, or the skipper of the "Flying Dutchman," enjoying a sail in a washing-tub round a mill-pool.

Once, and once only, did I see him swim; but, the pond being small and shallow, it was hard to judge of the graceful ease of his motions when riding over the breakers. It seemed to me, however, to swim and dive much like the little auk (*Mergulus alle*), common in all the bays and sheltered harbours round Vancouver Island. Those who have seen the penguin swimming in the ocean speak of the creature vaulting, if I may use such a term, to the height of four or five feet over any obstacle in its way; the truth of which I can quite understand, as I have seen auks, whose wings are quite as short and fin-like, again and again do the same thing when pursued; they swim with wonderful swiftness, the fish having little or no chance of escaping, and dive with such astonishing rapidity that it is next to an impossibility, unless shooting them from behind, to kill them, the bird disappearing under water, if it sees the flash, before the shot can reach it. Mr. Bullock, when in the Orkneys, pursued a male of the great auk for

several hours in a six-oared boat, without being able to kill him; for, though he frequently got near, "so expert was the bird in its natural element that it appeared impossible to shoot him. The rapidity with which he pursued his course under water was almost incredible."

We may glean from all this evidence that the penguin possesses much intelligence. Its social habits, when assembled at its breeding-haunts, and manifest love and attachment for any who tame and feed it, show a ready adaptability to domestication, not usually found in wild birds until years of inter-breeding have changed and re-modelled their habits. Unlike the apteryx, whose rudimentary wings are utterly useless, or the ostrich and cassowary, where they assist the bird only in running, in the penguin the wings, though altered and specialized for an unusual state of life, are still essentially useful.

In all the struthious birds—*e.g.*, ostrich, emu, cassowary, etc.—we find the keel of the sternum (breast-bone), which is so marked a character in the frame or skeleton of all winged birds, wanting or but feebly developed, while in the penguin it is most marked and prominent. The keel of the breast-bone is where the powerful muscles moving the wings are attached; so that its greater or less development may be taken as a criterion of the wing-power of the bird to which it belongs; and we can see how requisite it is that this sea-bird should have efficient paddles, worked by powerful machinery, from the fact of its being frequently seen over four hundred miles from the land.



THE ANTARCTIC PENGUIN.

[Since the above was in type the poor penguin has died—a very sad loss to the Zoological Society. At the last meeting the secretary read a paper, communicated by Professor Owen, as to the cause of its death. "The stomach was found to be very much distended with decomposing food, its coats considerably thickened, and evidencing severe inflammation; these, together with other abnormal appearances, that it would serve

no useful purpose to detail, tended to the conclusion that the actual cause of death was *peritonites*; in other words, acute inflammation of the membrane investing the abdominal viscera."

The superintendent of the Gardens stated that the bird continued to feed up to the time of its death, but never once took any food but what was given to it by the hand. It is very questionable how far fish diet only is fitted for a penguin, and whether crustaceans and sea-weeds should not have been added.]

LIFE IN EGYPT.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.
CAIRO IN 1865.

THERE are still some persons who can remember Cairo in the days of Mohammed Ali, when not a carriage was to be heard or seen in the streets, and when that great man (who from a Kurdish soldier of fortune had risen to be an independent sovereign in all but name) rode on a camel up the Shubra road, and even occasionally sat under the shady trees there on a carpet, drinking coffee and listening to the cause of some aggrieved peasant. They can recall the days when a "Frank" was stared at as a novelty here, and when having visited the Great Pyramid was something to boast of at home.

Much of all this had passed away long before I first saw Cairo, in the autumn of 1856, but it has altered greatly even since that time; though the railway to Alexandria then existed, that to Suez did not, and the Indian passengers' arrival and departure, with teams of half-wild horses floundering through the desert sand, was still a sight to be seen.

The Ezbekieh was then a very pretty though somewhat rudely cultivated garden, and its shady, myrtle-hedged walks were quiet and pleasant; now the French and Greek coffee and spirit shops all round, and even within the garden itself, have made it too much like a "bear-garden" to be safe at night to walk through, even for a man, and much of its beauty is destroyed.

The road outside the city walls was then quite country, except for a few rows of mud huts; now it is lined with little sheds and frail but showy kinds of buildings, all, alas! occupied by Italian and Greek spirit sellers, though professing to be *cafés*; and a carriage-stand occupies the place where once the donkeys had sway alone; while in the public walks and "Frank quarter" of the town, the troops of Levantine women, in gaudy European dress, are beyond counting; in fact, there the "pork-pie" hats almost drive out the *faccels*.

That civilization is rather apt to banish what is picturesque and primitive is what we can scarcely deny; but its genuine advantages are so great that we should not venture to murmur at the sacrifice, if the best part of civilization, the kernel, as well as the shell, were present; but in Egypt much of the old barbarism is just where it was, only crusted over by a little outward show. Had the immediate successors of Mohammed Ali inherited his singularly acute disposition and genuine desire to benefit his people (in spite of many acts which savoured of barbarism), there might be now a much higher degree of improvement; for his liberality to foreigners and promotion of education were, for his time and under his circumstances, remarkable proofs of enlightenment, he being so ignorant of learning himself that he could not, it is said, write his own name. But the public spirit found in him did not exist in his successor, and his talents were not inherited by any of his

sons. Still the small end of the wedge was inserted, the door was opened, and, though the progress be but small, civilization is marching onward in Egypt. It may seem strange, when railroads, steamers, carriages, and machinery of various sorts are filling the land, and when so many Europeans are settled there, to say that the progress is small; but, as before observed, it is, in many respects, the shell without the kernel as yet. The old abuses often appear to be abolished, when they are not in reality; the "forced labour" and the slave trade both exist, though said to have been nearly, if not entirely, suppressed; and so with other things. The present viceroy is evidently in favour of education, and has been very liberal to the people in opening free schools and one large boarding-school, where clothing is furnished to the scholars. But the vice-regal family and principal favourites at the court are Turks, and do not much cultivate the national language, nor mix freely with the natives, and they are looked on as foreigners; and the fear that their sons may be forcibly enrolled as soldiers hinders some from availing themselves of the free schools and their advantages. French influence brings a particular kind of civilization in plenty, but it is not one which does any good to the people. I do not allude to the disputed canal, as that appears likely to prove useful, but was a mere piece of policy on their part. I mean the kind of civilization which the French like to bring wherever they go, and which, indeed, seems to tread on their heels—polished card-tables, gilt mirrors, Parisian boots, scents, and finery of all kinds, besides what John Bull terms "gimcracks." Abundance of these are to be obtained now in Cairo (though of a third-rate description and very dear), but the comforts of life are not much increased thereby, and the rough necessities, formerly plentiful and cheap, are now scarce and expensive.

A stranger walking through the Frank quarter is quite surprised at first to see so many gay European shops, and such a quantity of finery dangling from the doors, evidently of French and German manufacture, and fancies it is become a completely European town. But, if a lady wants a pair of shoes, she tries seven or eight shops all apparently stocked with such articles, and yet can obtain none, and in despair sends to England at last. She finds plenty of pink boots laced with green, and yellow or purple shoes with red or blue rosettes, and other such fantastic things which are patronized by Levantine ladies, but which no sane female of English extraction would wear on any occasion. As to a pair of plain black leather shoes, the shoemakers have none to offer. And so with a variety of other articles; you require something useful, and can only find the useless, and perhaps are tantalized by the sight of abundance of sugar-plums when in search of a piece of meat or some such homely necessary of life. What most tells the kind of civilization that is spreading here so quickly is the fact that (at present) no bookseller's shop is found in the city. An enterprising Hungarian, speaking, more or less, eight languages, set up a small book-shop a year or two ago, but broke and disappeared from the scene in a few months. I do not mean that there is literally no place where any sort of book can possibly be obtained. The Moslems have, I believe, a few odd volumes of Arabic poems and copies of the Koran in some dark corners of the city, but they have nothing like a book-shop; and a few French and German novels are found in the windows of the stationers, and two or three English guide-books, etc., in that of an English tailor and outfitter. There is also the American Mission's dépôt for bibles and other religious works in the Frank

quarter, a small dépôt somewhat similar for the use of the Jews, near their quarter, under the Jews' Society, and also a third, supported by English efforts, in a Moslem neighbourhood. But none of these answer at all to an ordinary bookseller's shop, and the absence of such in a city so large as Cairo, and frequented by so many Europeans of various nations, looks as if the civilization was but superficial as yet.

The days are past, indeed, when hareem ladies rode to the bath on white asses, with gorgeous carpets spread on their high saddles (at least it is only occasionally that such are to be met with); the imprisoned fair ones now drive boxed up in close carriages, and they may often be seen with French travelling-bags on their laps, to carry their sweetmeats and perfumery; and one will often display a pair of French boots instead of yellow slippers on her delicate feet, as she descends guarded by her hideous black attendant, stick in hand, at the French milliner's where she goes to bargain for Parisian laces and silks. But there is no important change in the condition of the hareem inmates: they are as closely shut up as formerly, and ignorance and bigotry maintain their sway within the walls of these palaces just as much as in Mohammed Ali's time. There does not seem any greater desire to mix with educated women, and the curiosity to see them (formerly considerable) has naturally disappeared now that "Frank ladies" are common sights; so that to gain entrance to a hareem is more difficult, I believe, now than it was some years ago. Two or three or more of the families of pashas resident in Cairo have European instructresses for their daughters (I only know of one who has an educated English lady in his household); these have much fewer opportunities than might be imagined of spreading education, and still fewer of doing anything to forward the gospel work, because strict rules of non-interference are enforced, while the bad examples around their pupils have of course a counteracting effect on the good teaching the pupils may receive. Still, some little way is made by every child who learns to read, and by degrees a taste for education may appear among the wealthy families, who seem hitherto to have got only the trifling adjuncts of civilization and not its solid advantages. The women of Italian, and Greek, and French extraction, who (from their husbands being employed in various ways by the different pashas) have more access than others to the hareems, do much harm to the Christian cause, both by their frivolous conduct, and also by trying to keep out all Protestants as much as possible. I understand this is the case in Syria as well as in Egypt.

Railways and steamers, etc., bring much positive good, but they certainly have brought much harm also to Egypt. Christian schools and missions have not multiplied in proportion to the rapid increase of European labourers; and the answer given to earnest appeals in England usually was, that the claims of home, of India, of China, and other places were so great that Egypt was not thought to have such a claim on the interest of British Christians as they had. But somehow, when it was a question of worldly interest, plenty came to seek for money here. Though the cotton crisis did not make Egypt the only field for profitable employment of that kind, it was thought reasonable that some at least engaged in such business should come here, and doubtless the judgment was correct; for "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

The mass of the Mohammedan population seems very little affected by the influx of European civilization: they live much as did their fathers, and only those who,

by their employment, happen to be brought into contact with "Franks" know or care anything about them and their ways; and even with these, even with servants living among Europeans, there is seldom much sympathy or understanding beyond the outward part of each other's lives. The very things which we should expect would astonish them and excite them to thought have comparatively little effect. It is amusing to see a troop of Moslems gravely sitting in a railway-carriage, going to Suez, on their pilgrimage to Mecca, looking as unconcerned as if brought up to this convenience all their lives. The force of long habits and old prejudices is more powerful in the apathy it gives to the mind than in open opposition, and no one who has not lived among Mohammedans can well conceive what this apathetic force is to contend against. It reminds one of the heavy green-baize-covered doors so common in England, which require a strong push to open, and then quietly swing back to their places again as soon as the hand is removed. But example, and patient kindness, and interest from Europeans would do much in softening by degrees the prejudices of the people, and thus open the way for the gospel, instead of increasing the difficulty of the missionary, as is too often done, by the contrary.

A poor boy was one day asking some questions about my school, and expressed wonder at those children who were, like him, Mohammedans, coming to a Christian house, and, on being told that all were treated alike, and that we loved them all, he exclaimed, turning to his companion, "I never heard before that a Christian could love a Moslem!" This lad's father was in the service of a European family.

If treated with civility, the lower class of Mohammedans, especially the cultivators and other country people, are often willing to listen to the Word of God; and this is a thing we must be thankful for; but some Christians in England are disappointed because no immediate result appears to follow from this listening: they fancy that if an ignorant circle of Egyptians hear half-a-dozen chapters of the Testament, they will become attentive hearers, and, perhaps, students of the Word from that time. But, in fact, the *first* time they often listen from curiosity; and even when some real interest is created, the bigotry of the sheikhs often interferes, and seems to stop the desired progress of heavenly truth: this has been the case with reading the Scripture in several large coffee-houses in this city. At first it was a most hopeful work; numbers gladly listened; but some bigots who were looked up to and feared as learned men persuaded the owners of the shops to forbid it, and for the present it is checked therefore. But, if one way fails or is hindered, God's servants have only to try some other, and to labour in faith and with patience. The children afford a more hopeful field of labour than adults, and schools, moreover, do influence the parents of the scholars to a certain degree; so that this seems the chief opening at this time. We must remember that perfect toleration does not exist in Egypt—that the "Hatti Homayun" (the famous Turkish proclamation of liberty in religion) has never even been read in Cairo—that both slavery and forced labour among peasants (said to have been abolished almost, if not entirely) exist in reality, with very little diminution, if any; so that much barbarism lies beneath the thin crust of outward civilization. Education is, however, though slowly, on the increase, and, even when not of the best kind, it is a benefit to the country.

Last winter a boys' school for the children of the poor, especially Moslems, was opened in Bab-el-Bahar,

connected with my little girls' school; and, with the assistance of Christian friends, it will be, if God permit, enlarged and improved after a short time. Meanwhile it is hopeful to see an average of between twenty and thirty-five boys, all Moslems, with the exception of two or three, and mostly the sons of quite poor parents, assembled in a school under the superintendence of a Christian missionary; and, considering the utter and deplorable ignorance of these poor little fellows when they first came, and that they had only been three months and a half under tuition when this paper was written, their progress is very satisfactory.

The Copts are naturally much easier of access and more ready to buy Christian books than Moslems, and also have received more or less of the attention of Protestant missions for many years. The Church Missionary Society was the pioneer among them, and numbers of the Coptic children of both sexes learned to read under that society's schools; but the mistake of directing the efforts of the agents chiefly to the priests, and trying to reform the corrupt church by that means, instead of simply preaching and teaching the gospel to the mass of the laity, cramped and hindered the work, and its progress was small. However, the pioneers in all cases must have more sowing than reaping—the hardest and the most thankless task, as far as man's approbation goes. The American Mission took up the agents and scholars disbanded by the breaking up of the Church Mission in Cairo, and carried on the work with a more vigorous hand, and a much larger staff of labourers, and have been privileged to see some cheering and hopeful results, especially of late years. The late Lord Aberdeen's exertions and liberality spread a large number of bibles through the Coptic villages on the Nile, and in several places they appear to have been aroused from their spiritual lethargy, and to desire the Word of God, and Christian books of other kinds. In the little mission book-shop in the Mohammedan quarter of Bab-el-Bahar, already alluded to, both Copts and Moslems frequently come to discuss religious subjects with the missionary, who is specially devoted to this business, and many copies of the Scripture, as well as English educational books, have been sold; but the Copts, considering the minority of their numbers, purchase far more than the others, among whom there is as yet very little desire for instruction. One Mohammedan sheikh, however, is a constant visitor to the missionary, and is regularly going through the Bible, asking explanation and discussing its difficulties freely. But the danger to Mohammedans is so much greater than to Copts that we cannot wonder that fear, added to ignorance and bigotry, should hinder the progress of the gospel with them. Sooner or later the children and youths now under teaching will spread the taste for education, and weaken the bonds of old prejudices. Meanwhile, the little mission-shop, being situated, though in a Moslem quarter, yet very near the Coptic street leading to the principal Coptic market on this side of the town, is accessible to both. A very interesting work has been begun quite recently among some Copts of the middle class, which took its rise entirely from this book-shop, the Lord having evidently sent a blessing in answer to much prayer. Some young men who were frequent visitors and purchasers of books were one day looking over the book-shelves, when the missionary suggested to them to try and arrange some sort of meeting where they might mutually improve by reading, and especially urged the mutual reading of Scripture. They liked the idea, but feared the expense of hiring a room and providing lights would be too much for them, everything

in Cairo being now very dear. He advised their proposing it to their friends, which they agreed to do, and accordingly a sufficient number soon joined together to rent a room. They returned to the missionary to report their success, and said, "We wish much that your brother and you would assist us by coming to our meetings and explaining what we do not understand." They gladly promised their aid, and one or other took care to be present nearly every evening except Sunday. The reading and discussion of Scripture formed the principal occupation of the evening: the older missionary was asked to write something on the advantages of union, and wrote a discourse on the text, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," etc., which they were so pleased with that they asked leave to copy it and keep to read again. When we recollect the frivolous and vain diversions which had formerly occupied the evenings of these young men, we must joyfully acknowledge the hand of God in this change. They now requested the missionary to draw up a few rules for them, that the little society might be orderly. He did so, the principal rule being that each meeting begin and end with prayer, and that a portion of God's word be read and discussed by the members. A few Protestant friends assisted them by one or two donations towards the expenses of the room, etc., but the whole movement was entirely among Copts, their friends, the missionary brothers (who are Syrians) alone excepted. Some Coptic Protestants, members of the American church, joined them afterwards. May God prosper this little leaven, which is hid in three measures of meal at present, and make it so to leaven the whole lump that hundreds of Copts may be led to throw off their superstitions, and cling to the simple gospel of Christ, through the study of God's word and prayer. The Mohammedans may follow (already one has joined the band); nay, we in our ignorance of God's working with men know not if they may not come out of darkness in numbers; for not seldom the last are first. We do not see much progress as yet, but this is no reason for slackening our efforts, and Christians must take this comfort under many disappointments in their labours—every child that learns to read is one more added to the number who may read the word of life; every one who is taught to read in that word is a step nearer still, and may, by the grace of God, receive it unto life everlasting.

THE IDLER ON THE RHINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

IX.

FROM Frankfort we went to Heidelberg, where we joined the party of our friends who had spent a month in the hydropathic establishment at Boppard, and who were now comfortably settled in the Hôtel de Russie, managed by the polite and pleasant Mr. Wettstein, who speaks English with much fluency and precision. This is a cheap place for a stay of a week or two. Our friends were living *en pension*—i.e., as boarders—and paid, I think it was, five francs a day per head. There was a large and varied party in the inn, reckoning a family of Poles, the father of which had just come from the wars, and wore his arm in a sling. He was remarkably like Garibaldi, having a lion-like, though deeply saddened face. The sympathies of the guests were likewise warm towards a youth with his head tied up, which, unfortunately for the associations of the hurt, turned out, we had reason to believe, to be nothing more patriotic than the toothache. These Poles, how-

ever, ate their dinner and drank their wine with much outward content, though it was the "Russian Hotel" which figured at the top of their bills, and reminded them of the hated name on their crockery and table napkins.

There is a garden at the back of the inn, with a sort of superior glazed summer-house or outwork of the main establishment in it, in which was reported to be an invalid artist, whose sole occupation and amusement was to sketch any of the visitors who came within his range. I wrote up my note-book at a table under a tree, and was told that I had been added to his portfolio. Poor fellow! I saw him limp by the window two or three times. What a lame and impotent conclusion to, or parenthesis in, a foreign tour! I can't help mentioning this artist, because he was the mystery of the place, the bogie, the skeleton in the cupboard, who is now supposed to possess cutting caricatures of us all.

The morning after we arrived at Heidelberg we declined sights. There was the castle to be seen, of course; but I had been there divers times, and, this evening, was promised the entertainment of its illumination with fireworks; for there were to be great goings on by nightfall. So in the morning we went up into the woods opposite the Hôtel de Russie, at least the young folks did, and we told stories lying in the shade. I told a horrid one, which needed all the circumstances of twilight, a dying fire, and a circle round the hearth, some sitting on chairs, some on the rug. But we were all in the humour to be interested, and passed the tale round with zeal.

When we had quite exhausted our ingenuity and attention we went back to the inn to dinner and the Poles. It was, as usual, very hot, and the close-shut Venetian blinds made the rooms of a grateful dim green, in which the elders of the party had been comfortably cooling themselves while we were heating our imagination in the shade. I speak, dear reader, as though I were not a stout greybeard myself. But, having an unfortunate character for telling stories, the young people insist on them, whatever the height of the thermometer; and so I count among my juniors in any division of ages, and this fine morning was carried off from my journal to repeat myself in the shade of the wood opposite the Hôtel de Russie.

In the cool of the evening we went to the castle. I was wrong in saying there were to be fireworks this night: it was the next. We went this time to hear the band play. I hate a band in such scenes as this. There was a great crowd sitting on benches outside a picturesquely placed public-house, and listening, or pretending to listen, to the music, while they made eyes at one another, and had none for the beautiful view which caused the place to be chosen as a promenade. We got right away from the band, and I never saw a lovelier sunset, of the kind. Here were, it is true, no weather-worn rock-peaks to warm themselves in the red light, no snow-covered summits to grow rosy and then suddenly chill, but the loveliest contrast of bright green trees and ruined hoary walls. The stone and the leaf set off one another. From the extremity of the farthest walk, far away over the town of Heidelberg and the valley of the Neckar, there lay a sea of fields, flat as the ocean, and jagged here and there with spires and towers like the masts and sails of becalmed ships, while across all streamed the last light of the sinking sun. It was a lovely view, and we sauntered back slowly when the dots of lamps in the town beneath us began to assert themselves in the gloom.

The castle of Heidelberg grows upon you. I am not

going to describe it. The guide-books do so with conscientious minuteness. There are so many styles and ages in the fabric that every portion has a history and record of its own. But, for a ruin, commend me to this castle. Battered and blown up, stormed and sacked, again and again, it stands sturdily there among the bright-leaved trees, full of promise of pleasant walks

less studious than those in some of the other German universities; but, from what I could learn, their standard of dissipation was cheap compared with that which too often prevails among the youth of a corresponding class and place in England. On this occasion a great dinner was given by the prince to his friends, and a procession of students displayed themselves to the town. The



VIA MALA, ON THE SPLUGEN PASS, NEAR THE SOURCES OF THE RHINE.

for the Heidelbergers, among its broken walls and broad-viewed terraces, for ages more to come.

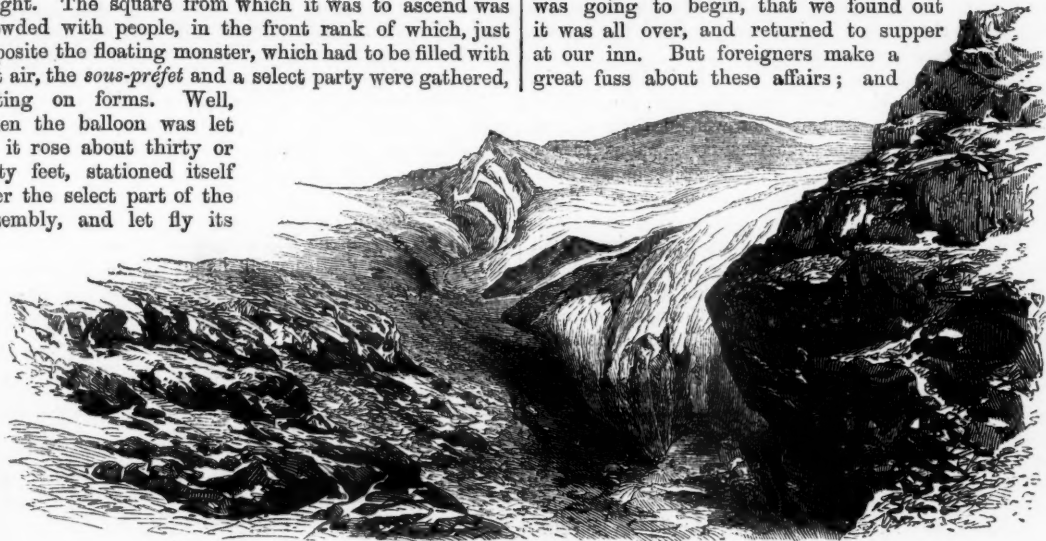
I am happy to hold the belief that very few tourists now go to see the great Heidelberg tun, which contained I forget how many barrels of wine, but is now used no longer. It has, however, provided a wise proverb, which is, "Big and empty, like the Heidelberg tun," and so may rest upon its merits without further and frequent examination. It really is not so large as many of the vats of our London brewers; but they have no history of medieval romance about them, and are devoted to a grosser drink; so the Heidelberg tun holds its character as the biggest in the world.

Next evening we saw the castle illuminated. It was a pretty trick of blue and red lights, performed in honour of a German prince who had just taken his degree at the university, or, at least, was then about to quit the place, after the conventional term of residence. The students at Heidelberg have the character of being

great affair, though, was the illumination. Knowing how troublesome the crowd sometimes is on similar occasions among us, our friends ordered carriages to take us to the road across the river opposite the castle, whence the sight could best be seen. But the crowd, though large, was tame, and a lady might have mixed among the people at their thickest without any inconvenience. The fireworks were very squibby feeble affairs, consisting of a few, frequently abortive, rockets, and some fizzing water-serpents on the river. But the illumination of the castle, by a number of red and blue lights set about its ruins, was very striking. I may be wrong, but I think British fireworks are finer than foreign ones. Once, in particular, I witnessed an absurd exhibition abroad. It was at St. Malo, in Brittany. There was to be an exhibition of fireworks, in which a balloon figured conspicuously. This balloon, well advertised over the town, was to be charged with rockets and Roman candles, which were to go off when it had reached a considerable

height. The square from which it was to ascend was crowded with people, in the front rank of which, just opposite the floating monster, which had to be filled with hot air, the *sous-préfet* and a select party were gathered, sitting on forms. Well, when the balloon was let go it rose about thirty or forty feet, stationed itself over the select part of the assembly, and let fly its

was going to begin, that we found out it was all over, and returned to supper at our inn. But foreigners make a great fuss about these affairs; and

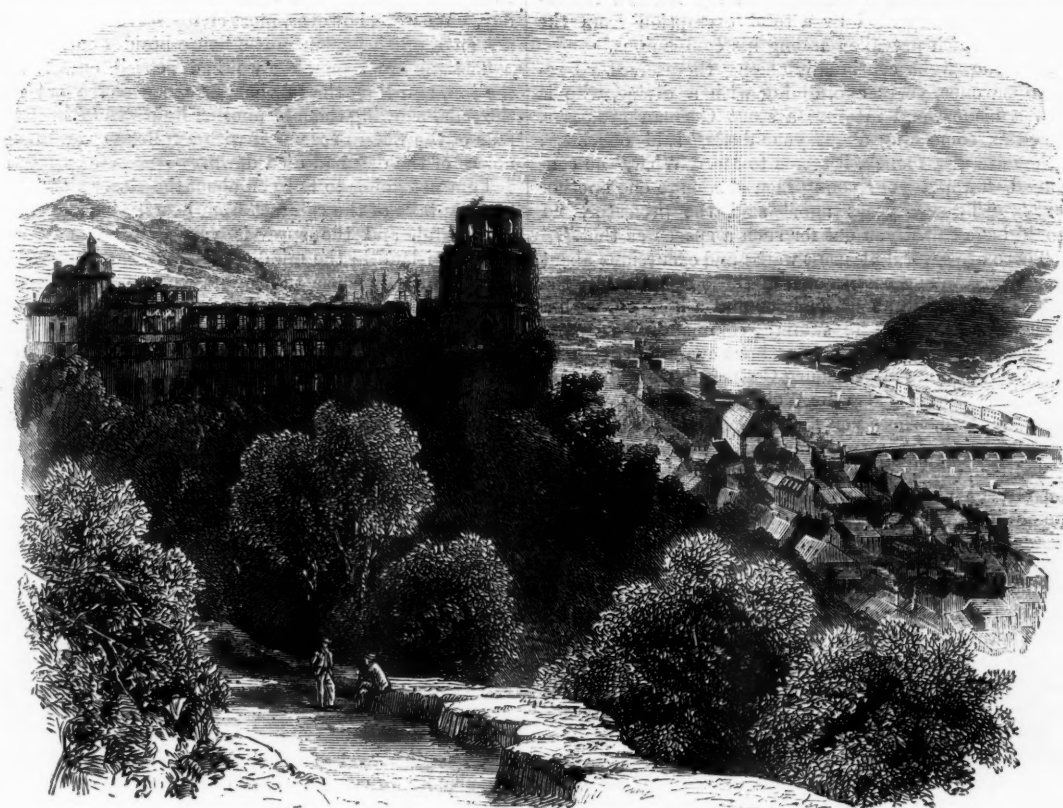


SOURCES OF THE RHINE.

ammunition straight down among them. Some got under the forms; most ran away as fast as they could. When the fireworks were all exhausted the machine rose sullenly into the dark night.

when my brother visited Cologne, shortly after we did, this year, the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens were illuminated.

When you have visited and revisited the castle there



HEIDELBERG.

There was no balloon nor mishap at Heidelberg, but the fireworks were puny, weedy things, and it was not till we had waited some time, thinking their display

is not much to see in Heidelberg. Perhaps you will read "Hyperion" here, and the tale of G. P. R. James, which has a horrible description of the sacking of the

town, when the soldiers on the castle walls heard the shrieks of the women rising sharply from the houses below, and could not succour them.

The University Library is one of the lions of the place; but, though there is plenty to read, there is not much to see. The students, however, in their absurd little caps, make themselves very conspicuous in the town, lounging about and herding together as the manner of youth is. There are about eight hundred in the place, and they live, not in one building, but here and there as they can or please. College regulations, such as prevail in our English universities, are almost wholly unknown here. The instruction seems to be given in courses of lectures alone. Duels are the notorious characteristic of the place, but they are seldom serious in their result. The combatants fight with cutting swords, and protect the throat and other vital parts. Most of the "satisfaction" exacted is in the face, a slash across which generally decides the affair. You see many students with ugly scars on their cheeks or chins. They fight on almost any provocation, when in the humour. A friend of mine, who studied at one of the German universities, made up his mind that, should he be compelled to fight, he would use pistols. This determination of his was probably known, and he never had occasion to put it into practice. A saucy youth may not care about a little cut on his face as the worst harm likely to follow from a challenge; but your young "Herr" will think twice before he exposes himself to a bullet at twelve paces; so the formation of my friend's resolution was accompanied by a total exemption from the duelling which prevailed among his companions.

But they fight continually among themselves. I remember once, years ago, dining with a divine, who is now a bishop, and meeting a stout German professor. "Tell us something about your duels," said our host: "they are very foolish, it seems to me. What," he continued, "would your young men challenge one another for?" "Twenty years ago," said the professor, "I would have called you out for such a speech as that."

There are several pleasant walks and excursions about Heidelberg. The best known of these is, probably, the Königstuhl, a hill about an hour and a half off, with a high watch-tower on its summit, commanding very extensive views. You can sometimes make out from it, they say, the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, which is many miles off. There is also the Wolf's Well, some two miles from the town, where you find an inn, and are expected to order some of the trout for which the place is celebrated for your dinner. But the castle is the lion. You can wander about the walks within its ruins, or sit in the shade of the thick trees which have grown up inside its walls, with repeated pleasure in your visits.

The Neckar, as generally seen by tourists, in the middle of summer, when the water is low, is a poor-looking stream, far too small for its bed. The Rhine is now miles away, creeping through flats from Basle, where, and above which town, it is shut in with closer banks, and sweeps along with deep green and blue sheets of water.

We left Heidelberg at ten one fine morning for Schaffhausen, or rather Neuhausen, which is the station close to the famous falls, and which we reached by seven in the evening, having passed through Carlsruhe and Basle without stopping. The former place is hot, gritty, and flat, and figures in the guide-books more as the birth-place of Stultz, the famous London tailor, than as anything else. Stultz, you must know, is a baron, and has founded an excellent hospital in his native town. But we must not stop here. We were drawing close to the

end of our idling on the Rhine, though not before we had followed its stream up into Switzerland itself, and had looked down on the babyhood of the mighty river from the bridges in the Via Mala on the Splügen Pass.

The Rhine, however, looks unlike itself in the valley which is called after its name; indeed, the falls of Schaffhausen are, perhaps, the fittest termination to its ascent. Here is a barrier at which you may well stop. Shortly above it the river loses itself in the Lake of Constance, and when you traverse this by steamer, and find it again, the Rhine spirit is gone. I must say, however, that castles still haunt its neighbourhood, several being found near Coire, close to which the two streams meet which claim the honour of contributing to the Rhine proper.

We will stop, then, at Neuhausen, right against the mighty falls, where the river hurls over a rock ledge some eighty feet high a greater body of water than is seen in any other European cascade.

You are struck here by the brilliant blue and white of the stream, which you have known of such a different colour far away at Cologne. The plunge is a grand beginning to the history which is gathered around its banks. We stopped at the inn immediately opposite to the station, but had reason to believe that the other a little farther on was the best. Both command an equally fine view of the falls from their windows and the gardens in front of them; but the dining-room of the former is separated by a good many yards from the rest of the house, an arrangement disagreeable enough on a wet day. We were, however, most civilly served. There was not an English person in the house besides ourselves.

The sun set soon after we had settled ourselves in the inn, and then the full harvest-moon shone out over the falls, showing them by another light, while the steady roar of the waters rose as if with a fuller note when the noises of the day had died down.

I am not going to tell you about the closer view which tourists take of the cataract from boats. The watermen are skilful, and the spray is very wet. You get out upon an island in the middle of the river, and ascend to a little summer-house on the top, whence you look close down upon the river as it hurls itself over the rocky ledge. It is a fine, deafening sight, and, though the approach may seem formidable to some timid people, it is continually being made without any mischief beyond a little wetting.

This, to my mind, is the finest spot upon the whole River. Here an idler might well pass a few days; and here I bid farewell to those who have cared to follow us in our saunter up the famous Rhine.

FENELON.

II.

LET us now return to Fenelon and his treatment of his royal pupil. He addressed himself to his duties with religious care, and with an entire absence of any personal or interested motive. The Duke of Burgundy possessed remarkable abilities, and his advancement in all his studies was rapid and considerable. His greatest difficulty lay in controlling his bad temper and violent passions. The following instance of this is given. Fenelon had seen reason to address the prince in a tone of the utmost authority. This the prince did not at all like. "Not so, sir," he said in reply: "I know who I am and who you are." To this Fenelon gave no answer, but his look became grave and mournful, and he spoke to his pupil no more for the rest of the day. The next

morning he entered the royal bedchamber and found that the duke was asleep. He ordered the attendants to draw back the curtains and awake him. He then addressed him much as follows: "Yesterday you told me that you knew who you were and who I was. I must beg to inform you that you do not know either. Some valet, perhaps, has told you that you are greater than I am; and that forces me to tell you that I am greater than you. This is not a question of birth. Birth confers upon you no merit whatever. You must know very well that I am your superior in knowledge; everything you know has been learned from me, and what you know is nothing in comparison of what you have yet to know. Again, you have no authority over me, but, as the king has often told you, I have the fullest authority over you. You fancy that I think myself very happy in having the remarkable honour of being your instructor. You may deceive yourself. I undertook the charge at the king's request, and there can be no satisfaction in receiving so fatiguing an employment. You need be in no doubt; I shall take you to the king and beg him to appoint my successor, and I hope his exertions will be more successful than mine have been." The duke was thunderstruck. At first equally frightened and sorry, he could hardly speak. He begged pardon for his behaviour the day before. "If you speak to the king I am ruined for ever. If you abandon me, what will be thought of me? I promise you most faithfully that in future you shall be fully satisfied with me." He then entreated Fenelon to promise not to tell the king. Fenelon refused to do this, and would not receive him into favour till a long course of good conduct had proved the sincerity of his repentance.

The perfect disinterestedness which Fenelon exhibited would not fail to add weight to his instructions and his reproofs. No pecuniary income was attached to the office, and, though he lived in the most frugal manner, he was with difficulty able to meet his current expenses. He steadily refused to ask any favour for himself, or for his friends or for his family. His real sentiments respecting the brilliant scenes to which he was introduced in the splendid court of Louis Quatorze may be gathered from two passages in his writings.* "Although you live in the splendour and luxury of a voluptuous court, yet you are far from being free; your chain of gold is often as heavy to you as a chain of iron, and you are often galled by your fetters; for at court you are exposed to envy, detraction, and malignity, and your captivity is scarcely preferable to that of a person unjustly detained in prison. The only reflection that can give any satisfaction to a virtuous mind is, that God has placed you there; and it is this same consideration which affords the best support under unjust imprisonment." "O world, so weak, so vain, what art thou but a dream? And shall I put my boast in thee, when I feel the enjoyment of thy most tempting pleasures leaves nothing but emptiness and vanity behind? Art thou not ashamed, O world, to deck with magnificent and splendid titles the miseries with which thou leadest us astray? Alas! at the moment thou appearest to us most lovely, thou lurest us to destruction. In one hand is thy sparkling cup, in the other thy poisonous dagger. Away from me, vain world! I will put my boast in my God, and walk in the light of my Redeemer, Jesus Christ."

To the improvement of his pupil, the future king of France, on whose conduct it seemed probable that much of the peace and happiness of Europe would depend,

Fenelon devoted his most earnest and persevering endeavours. His system was admirably adapted to expand the mind and engage the affections of his illustrious scholar. He saw from the first that the right development of the moral nature of the prince must be the chief object of his care; and, above all, he must seek to lead him onwards in the blessed path of true faith and true repentance. To improve his pupil's mind and to encourage him in all better tastes, this skilful teacher would suspend any study that he might enter into conversation with the young duke, and the study was directly resumed whenever the conversation ceased to be useful. So passionately fond of his studies was the royal boy, that, at his own request, some one used to read aloud to him while he was at his meals. By every kind and engaging act Fenelon sought to wean him from his dangerous vices of disposition. For this purpose he wrote his charming work "*Telemachus*," which has become a classic throughout the civilized world. With this purpose also he wrote his celebrated "*Fables and Dialogues*." In one of the fables he sketches the disposition of the young prince under the character of Melanthos. "What terrible woe has befallen Melanthos? Outwardly all is right with him, but inwardly all is wrong. Last night he went to bed, the delight of the human race; this morning one is ashamed of him, and must hide him. As he was dressing something displeased him; all the day long he will be out of temper, and everybody must suffer. He is an object both of compassion and of fear, crying like a child or roaring like a lion. You must not speak to him of what pleased him a little while ago; that is over now. He must contradict, and irritate, and complain of every one; and then he is angry because no one will lose his temper with him in turn. When he can find no pretence for being dissatisfied with others, he turns against himself; he blames himself, finds out that he is good for nothing, and despairs of improvement; he is angry that people will not comfort him; he wishes to be alone, and when he is alone he wishes for society. If you are silent he is offended; if you speak in a low tone he supposes you are whispering about him; if you speak with your usual voice he is angry that you are cheerful while he is sorrowful; if we are serious we are reproaching him; and if we are gay we are laughing at him. What can we do? We can only be patient, and trust that he will return to-morrow to the good conduct of yesterday. When this strange humour is on him he is like a person possessed. He disappears in a moment, and in his place you see a something which is without shape and without name. It will and it won't, it quivers, it mixes haughtiness with despicable bitterness, it cries, it laughs, it plays the fool, it is in a rage. Then a fit of distress comes on; he has no friend, nobody to love him, every one persecutes and betrays him. Wait a little, he will be full of affection and love every one; he will flatter and bewitch you; he will confess his errors, laugh at himself, and mimic his own oddities. At last you are hoping that the demoniac is gone for ever. Alas, you are quite mistaken! To-morrow he will be just as bad, and will again laugh at himself, but will continue unrelieved." What an admirable description is this of a spoilt child and a spoilt prince! On another occasion he reverses the picture, and describes a perfect prince in such a manner that he might arouse and elevate his pupil. He fables that the songsters of the grove, instructed by the shepherds, sing thus: "Who is the young hero that comes among us and seems to interest himself in our happiness? May he increase in virtue as a flower just opened by the spring! May he love the gentle pleasures of the mind! May the graces dwell on

* We have taken these from Miss Marshall's "*Extracts from the Religious Works of Fenelon*," eleventh edition, Hatchard; a work to which we would refer for a fuller account of his religious opinions.

his eyes! May he be good, wise, beneficent! May he sympathize with men! He loves our songs; they penetrate his heart as dews falling on gardens parched by the sun. May his passions be moderated! May he be ever happy! May he restore the golden age! May wisdom fill his soul, and may he diffuse it among men! May flowers grow under his feet!"*

Neither did this good man fail earnestly and solemnly to bring before the young duke the truths and the duties of religion. After his death there was found among his papers an important work, "Directions for the Conscience of a King" (*"Directions pour la Conscience d'un Roi"*). From this we translate a passage. "Have you neglected to ask of God in prayer the knowledge of his will concerning you? Have you sought in prayer grace to profit by what you read? If you have neglected prayer you are become guilty of all the ignorance in which you have lived, and which the spirit of prayer would have taken from you. It is a very little matter to read of eternal truths unless you pray for the gift of a right understanding of them. If you have not earnestly prayed, you have deserved the darkness in which God has left you concerning the correction of your failings and the fulfilment of your duties. The negligence, lukewarmness, and wilful distraction in prayer, which generally pass as the lightest of faults, are nevertheless the true source of that fatal blindness and ignorance in which the most part of princes live."

As we have mentioned, the labours of Fenelon were crowned with the happiest results. Thus speaks Madame de Maintenon in one of her letters:—"We saw all those defects, which alarmed us so much, in the youth of the Duke of Burgundy gradually disappear. Every year produced in him a visible increase of virtue. So much had his piety changed him, that, from being the most passionate of men, he became mild, gentle, and compliant: persons would have thought that mildness was his natural disposition, and that he was innately good." A beautiful letter of the duke remains which he wrote to Fenelon in after years, and which strongly attests the reality of the good work wrought in him: "I will endeavour to make use of the advice you give me. I ask an interest in your prayers, that God will give me his grace so to do. Desire of God more and more that he will grant me the love of himself above all things else, and that I may love my friends and love my enemies *in* him and *for* him. In the situation in which I am placed I am obliged to listen to many remarks, and sometimes to those which are unfavourable. When I am made to see that I have done wrong I readily blame myself. I do not hesitate to admit that I have faults; but I can also add that I have a fixed determination, whatever may be my failings, to give myself to God. Pray to him without ceasing that he will be pleased to finish in me what he has already begun, and to destroy in me those evils which proceed from my fallen nature." How happy had it been for France had this pious and able prince survived to be her king!

That winning sweetness of manner, for which Fenelon was so much distinguished, made him generally popular, and the remarkable success which attended his method of training the Duke of Burgundy excited general respect and admiration. Louis XIV, however, does not appear to have equally participated in these feelings. The pure and saintly character of his grandson's preceptor little accorded with his own; and it has always been considered that the monarch stood in real awe of his subject. It was, however, deemed right that his great services

should receive a substantial reward. The king accordingly presented him to the abbey of St. Valery, and afterwards made him Archbishop of Cambray. Having received this last appointment, he could not consent, by remaining always at court, to become an absentee, and insisted that for nine months of the year he should stay in his diocese to discharge his many duties. His means were now very considerable; but, in the midst of wealth, his benefactions kept him poor. The following anecdote shows his kindness of heart and evenness of temper. While he was at Versailles, during his customary brief absence from his diocese that he might attend to the royal children, the news arrived that a fire had broken out in the archiepiscopal palace at Cambray, which had burned it to the ground, and consumed all the archbishop's books and papers. His friend, the Abbé de Langeron, seeing him very much at his ease, and pleasantly conversing with a number of persons, thought he could not have heard of his great misfortune, and cautiously began to break the bad news to him. Fenelon felt grateful to him for his kindness and anxiety, but interrupted him to say that he knew what had happened. The loss, he told him, was no doubt a very great one, but that, in reality, he was less affected by the destruction of his palace than he would have been by the burning of a cottage belonging to one of his peasants. What we know of Fenelon's character, and of his conduct in his diocese, proves that he spoke the sincere language of his real feelings. Fenelon was not long to continue his work of beneficial tuition to the Duke of Burgundy. The king had never, as we have said, really liked Fenelon, and circumstances now caused this dislike to be practically felt. Madame Guyon was the proximate cause of his fall in the royal favour, and his permanent expulsion from the court.

The eloquence, learning, and genius of Bossuet had given him by far the most prominent position among the Roman Catholic priesthood in France. Once he and Fenelon had been most intimate friends—an intercourse destined to be abruptly broken. Bossuet regarded the opinions of Madame Guyon with the utmost suspicion and dislike; he especially prided himself upon the orthodoxy of his faith, and had devoted himself very greatly to all the arts of religious controversy, and therefore held himself particularly bound to crush the least appearance of heresy. The character as well as the opinions of Madame Guyon were cruelly assailed; and she therefore besought that there might be a Commission of Inquiry. The Commissioners issued the articles of Issy, in which she herself concurred, and to which Fenelon appended his signature. It seemed probable that matters might be allowed to stay there, but the spirit of persecution is not easily satisfied. Bossuet recommended her to reside in a convent of Meaux, of which city he was bishop. He afterwards resumed his attacks on what he called her religious errors. The understanding had been that Madame Guyon should continue in the convent for three months; she, however, stayed for six; after that she returned to Paris. When this became known her enemies instantly declared against her. The whole city was in an uproar. She thought it necessary to conceal herself in an obscure dwelling in Paris with her maid-servant, where she passed her solitary days in reading, working, and prayer. In the meantime orders had been issued for her arrest. The king ordered her to be confined in the celebrated castle situated in the forest of Vincennes, which was made to answer the double purpose of a fortress and a prison. Imprisonment was nothing new to her. The following verses of an exquisite lyric which she wrote in one of

* See Charles Butler's "Life of Fenelon," founded mainly on the work of M. de Bausset.

her imprisonments beautifully describe the peace and contentment which she felt under the circumstances :—

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee.

"Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

"Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because thou knowest as they fall
That Love, sweet Love, inspires them all.

"Oh, it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love,
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

Bossuet proceeded to attack her still further. He produced his celebrated work "Instructions on the States of Prayer." He submitted this work to the most eminent persons in France, and especially sought an approving testimonial from the Archbishop of Cambray. Fenelon, however, refused to express any approbation of the work. He had the warmest interest in Madame Guyon, and felt that she was spoken of in a way which it was impossible that he should approve. He must have entertained a deep feeling of gratitude for all the good which Madame Guyon had done him, her prayers, her letters, and her conversation. Before the book was out he declared that he could not approve of it if Madame Guyon was personally attacked, and he now found the work full of personality; he accordingly refused to affix the desired signature. Thus he wrote to Madame Maintenon concerning her:—"I have often seen Madame Guyon. Every one knows that I have been intimately acquainted with her; I may say further that I have esteemed her, and that I have suffered her also to be esteemed by illustrious persons, whose reputation is dear to the Church, and who had confidence in me. . . I followed her even through all the details of her practice, and of the counsels which she gave to the most ignorant and least cautious persons; but I could never discover the least trace of those wrong and injurious maxims which are attributed to her. Could I then conscientiously impute them to her by my approbation of the work of the Bishop of Meaux, and thus strike the final blow at her reputation, after having so clearly and so accurately ascertained her innocence?"

It was now understood that Fenelon, as well as Bossuet, would embody his views on this subject in a published work. General attention was turned upon him, and he was regarded as the avowed defender of Madame Guyon against her assailants. He accordingly issued his famous "Maxims of the Saints." This led to a rapid and brilliant paper war between himself and Bossuet. The subject at issue is thus put by Mr. Upham: "This was in reality the great question between them: Can a man be holy in this life or not? Can he love God with all his heart or not? Can he 'walk in the Spirit,' or must he be more or less immersed in the flesh? This great question, which involves in its solution the interests and prospects of the church in all time to come, is not a new one. Fenelon very correctly said on a certain occasion, when he was charged by Bossuet

with introducing a new spirituality, 'It is not a new spirituality which I defend, but an old.'" Fenelon's view, as derived from Madame Guyon, was known by the name of the Doctrine of Pure Love. Mr. Upham, in his clear statement of the question, does not, however, sufficiently take into account that undoubted element of mysticism which so largely prevails in all Fenelon's theological writings. In a portion of this controversy Bossuet attacked Fenelon personally, with the utmost asperity and injustice. In his answer Fenelon, by his eloquence and pathos, moved all hearts. He concluded thus: "I cannot here forbear from calling to witness the adorable Being whose eye pierces the thickest darkness, and before whom we must all appear. He reads my heart. He knows that I adhere to no person and no book; that I am attached to him alone, and to his church; that incessantly, in his holy presence, I beseech him, with sighs and tears, to shorten the days of scandal, to bring back the shepherds to their flocks, and to restore peace to his church. And, while he once more re-unites all hearts in love, to bestow on the Bishop of Meaux as many blessings as the Bishop of Meaux has inflicted crosses on me."

The question of the orthodoxy of Fenelon's book was submitted to the Pope. To Fenelon's great honour the Pope eventually condemned the book. This decision was, however, anticipated by Louis XIV. In the royal mind the influence of Bossuet was supreme; and that Bossuet had condemned the book was quite enough. Fenelon received his dismissal. The king ordered him immediately to proceed to his diocese, to stay there, and to stop no longer in Paris than was absolutely necessary. To Fenelon himself mere exclusion from royal favour would bring no unhappiness. Thus it is that he has written: "I have lived among the rich and powerful, have been caressed by the great, and stood high in the favour of royalty. I have been flattered, surrounded with splendour, and courted in society; yet I inwardly rejoice that the day is at length arrived when, by a prudent retirement, I am left to myself."

THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CEDAR CREEK," "THE FERROL FAMILY," ETC.
CHAPTER XII.—SUBSTANCE OF SHADOW.

THE Misses Singlestick's Educational Establishment for Young Ladies was convulsed by the intelligence that the highest paying pupil, the pre-eminent parlour boarder, the heiress, was to return home immediately.

But the third quarter of the year was a month advanced. Payment had been also in advance; and though the blow must have come sooner or later, still the Misses Singlestick could scarcely contemplate with equanimity the precipitate loss of nearly two hundred pounds a year from the gross receipts of their establishment.

The heiress's father requested that one of the governesses might be sent in charge of Esther to Castle Lough, as his numerous avocations rendered it impossible that he could be her escort in person. And when this governess returned who had acted as guard, what a glowing account did she give of the splendours of Esther's home! The noble demesne, the wide, sunny gardens, the great ranges of glass, the handsome mansion, brimful of every modern luxury! Ah! what an enviable being was Miss Lombard! And her papa—charming, charming! Of course it would be the business of Miss Lombard's life to be a comfort to her dear papa. What an easy task! thought the unmarried governesses.

There was also a sense, among these who knew

Esther so well, that all the wealth and splendour would devolve on very inadequate shoulders in hers. You could fancy Esther the mistress of some little cottage, with a chintz drawing-room, and crocuses in the flower-beds outside, and a single neat-handed Phillis to obey her behests, but you could not fancy her doing the honours of a great house, with troops of retainers, and saloons in Utrecht velvet. It was no matter of exultation to Esther that her period of pupilage was over; she was conscious of somewhat that must render her more or less a pupil all her life: subject to somebody stronger and more sensible than herself. The imposing array of servants frightened her. As to the housekeeper in black silk, Esther had a feeling that *she* ought to be the occupant of the Utrecht velvet rooms.

And now Pen must go to visit her friend. A flurried little note from Esther (in her unformed handwriting, which could never be made picturesque or elegant), informed Miss Sarsfield of her arrival, and implored Pen to come that very day, if possible (which was deeply underlined). So the old family carriage, in which Miss Leonora took airings (with the glasses tightly closed), was directed this afternoon towards Castle Lough, where it had often been in the days of Sarsfield prosperity, but never since the estate passed into the ownership of an alien.

A handsome porter's lodge, faced with cut stone, instead of the tumble-down cottage which had decayed at the main entrance formerly. Wide bronzed gates, of the newest devices, instead of the infirm, greenish railings which had done duty through the encumbered period. Trees largely cut away to give light about this opening of the avenue, and a pleasant glimpse of the sparkling estuary afar. A broad, carefully-gravelled path, with the edges of grass cut neatly at both sides, instead of the weed-grown, rutted avenue on which the Sarsfield owners had driven. The house, renovated, restored: its long ranges of windows bright and glistening, a new wing built, with sheets of plate-glass, affording glimpses of exquisite drapery, and furniture of buhl and marqueterie, instead of an ancient ruinous building, weather-beaten and decaying, like the fortunes of its residents. Such were the contrasts that forced themselves on Miss Leonora's attention. She honoured the money that had done it all, as she sat very erect, with lips very tightly shut, until she opened them to bid Pen alight.

We pass over the gushing girl-raptures of Esther, who loved Pen more demonstratively than anybody else in the world, and was unconsciously disposed of by Miss Leonora's mental criticism: "Thoroughly plebeian in appearance. But how could she be anything else?" Whence it will be seen that Miss Sarsfield was a reasonable woman, and would not blame Esther personally for not having been born of parents with an ancestry.

Her father happened to be at home, and offered to show her visitors the gardens. He was evidently gratified by the elder Miss Sarsfield's condescension in this prompt call upon his daughter. And she was gratified to perceive his gratification, and gracious in consequence. She acknowledged to him that Castle Lough had greatly improved under the present proprietary; and he replied, and truly, that this was the most pleasing compliment he had yet received as to the changes his wealth had wrought.

Esther took away Pen to look at her own sitting-room—a bignon of an apartment, resplendent in rose-colour and white muslin. And then did her heart break forth in the cry, "Oh, it is all too grand for me! I am not fit to live in this stately way. I don't think I shall ever be

accustomed to it. I wish papa had never left that nice house near the factory. I dare say I could be happy there; but this overpowers me."

Not every young lady would require to be comforted for the excessive grandeur of her home, or would deem it aught but a considerable item of happiness.

"You are too unworldly," said Pen, out of her own surpassing experience; "you will learn to be quite proud of your position by-and-by. Don't be afraid of people, that's all. It gives them an advantage over you."

"But I am afraid of everybody," argued poor Esther; "even of Mrs. Blubb, the housekeeper. I cannot endure her coming to consult me, as she did this morning. As to visitors, I know not what I shall do with them. How I wish papa would let me go back to school for another year! Dear, dear Pen, if you could come to stay with me, I should not mind!" and so on through a series of interjections and caresses.

"I suppose your papa will get you a chaperon," observed Pen. "I believe that is the right thing to do for a young girl like you. And then you cannot be lonely, you know."

"I shall hate her," said Esther, pouting.

"Not you. You will love her, and be like wax in her hands in a week," Pen rejoined. "What a pretty view you have from this window!"

Woods, just touched by the glorious colours of autumn, clustered about the lakelet which gave name to the place, and beyond them a silver reach of the estuary, with a full-sailed ship lying on it, and blue outlines of hills afar. It was something new—had been a vista cut open through trees near the house; and the same landscape was visible from the bow-window of the large drawing-room beneath.

Pen had cause to remember that landscape. While looking at it afterwards, and listening to Mr. Lombard's description of how it had been opened to view, he suddenly lowered his voice, and said quietly—

"I am glad that you admire what I have done: your approbation would be my highest reward, for I hope that you will consent some day to receive it all back from my hands."

Pen looked up quickly, in utter amazement. Her face became flame when she saw the unmistakeable meaning upon his face.

"I don't want a reply," he added, rather hurriedly—"I would not take a reply now. I will wait months, if you like. But it is my earnest desire to bestow upon your father's daughter this house which was once his, even if you were not most worthy of it for your own sake alone. Don't answer me now. I will take no answer now," he reiterated.

And she, as well as her dry lips would allow her (for she seemed to have that difficulty of speech which hampers people in a dream), reiterated also, "Impossible, Mr. Lombard. You ask what is impossible."

Had she not a prevision, even while uttering those words, that all obstacles would be over-ridden by the indomitable will of the man to whom she was speaking, and that his faculty of steadfast waiting would bring him what he wanted at last?

A shiver passed through the girl's frame, though sunbeams shone broadly upon her, as he touched her hand in helping her into the carriage. And she thought he must have noticed it, for he merely raised his hat at parting, though he shook hands with her aunt—which, from Miss Leonora, was a concession.

Before they reached the town a thought visited Pen's mind which roused again that chill fear. Mr. Lombard would certainly write to her parents. And well she

knew what would be her mother's decision; how the glittering bribe of his wealth would outweigh everything else, even the empty escutcheon, even the disparity of years. Pen felt sick as she foresaw the congratulations on her "conquest"—the glowing anticipations—the injunctions not to be foolish, etc. She was angry and indignant with Mr. Lombard for placing her in such a position. Truly, had he been versed in the etiquette of such affairs, he would scarcely have committed the solecism of making his offer in his own house. It was so palpably like showing an alluring bait. Had he brought her to Castle Lough, and taken her through all its splendours, just for this? Perhaps so. He was not a man given to fine-drawing matters, and he had reason to believe strongly in gilded baits.

There was only one resource Pen could think of to ward away that dread of hers—that Mr. Lombard would write to her father: she must herself write to Mr. Lombard a note, with a request that he would not do so. Even this expedient, as the post could not reach him before to-morrow, might be late to be of use. But she must try it, even on the bare chance, and utterly distasteful as it was to her. A dozen sheets of her aunt's ciphered paper were spoiled before she could put together a form of words that in any way suited her ideas of what the communication ought to be.

"I claim it," wrote proud Pen, waiving all personal address, "I claim it for Mr. Lombard's goodness and generosity that he will not write to my father about the subject on which he spoke to me to-day, but that he will regard it as for ever concluded."

Of course she could not indite even this brief note without dashes of emphasis: what lady can abstain from them? And the "for ever" had two of the most forcible description underneath: yet was no stronger for that foundation.

Pen trusted no hand to post this missive but her own. She put it herself into the slit of the little black pane which was sub-receiver for that end of the town, and above which was printed the useful information of by what route letters could be sent to Madagascar. She wondered whether such a thing had ever occurred in Dunamase as anybody wanting to write to anybody in that African island; and whether the pale widow, who sold tapes, and note-paper, and kept the sub-receiver, had any clear idea of where Madagascar lay.

And when poor Pen went to bed that night, in the privacy of her own room, she indulged in woman's miserable luxury of "a good cry."

CHAPTER XL.—MRS. FANCOURT'S MOVE.

A REPLY arrived next day but one, in due course of post. And thus it ran:—

"DEAR MISS SANSFIELD,—I had already written to your father, or, believe me, I would have held your command sacred, at whatever cost to myself. I will do anything for you except resign the hopes I have dared to express.

"I remain yours most sincerely,
"RALPH LOMBARD."

The former shiver came over her as she folded again into its envelope the concise and determined note which his hands had touched. So the worst had come to the worst, and she must face remonstrances, and entreaties, and arguments at home. For she felt that it would be necessary for her to leave the neighbourhood of Mr. Lombard at once; and yet, leaving his neighbourhood, she was aware that she was not leaving his influence.

Mr. Lombard had never seen her handwriting until

this incident. It may be imagined with what interest he looked at it, and found it to match what he knew of her character and mind. A stately mistress for Castle Lough she would make. Perhaps the practical man had a day-dream of five minutes' length over that little cipher-headed note, before he put it away in a secret drawer of his desk, to keep company with two or three other papers which had grown yellowish in captivity.

So accustomed was he to force all the locks of life with his key of gold, that he scarcely contemplated the possibility of eventual failure in this instance. Was this to be the first thing he had striven to purchase with his money, and would the coins turn out to be only counters?

But, reckoning on the fact that the achievement might require some little time, he made preparation for the interim. Almost his next action, after locking the note into the secret drawer, was to make his way to Esther's rose-coloured sitting-room, where she was supposed to be in happy retirement thus early in the day.

"Oh, papa!"

She was glad to see him, poor girl, for she tenderly loved him; and that very love laid her open to innumerable wounds from his pre-occupied manner, his incapacity of being interested or amused by the things which pleased her, his carelessness of that small etiquette of intercourse which is an aliment of affection. Now, with his hands deep in his pockets, and with knitted brows, he began to walk to and fro upon the carpet as if he would extinguish certain of the flowers for ever.

"What is the name of the lady who came with you from school?"

"The lady that brought me home?" repeated Esther, who was not bright of apprehension—"Mrs. Fancourt, papa."

"Ay; I thought so. A widow, of course?"

"Yes; her husband was an officer, who died in the West Indies."

"I suppose you're fond of her, eh?"

"I am," replied Esther, though with a little hesitation, which did not escape the notice of her vigilant father.

"Why, she seemed very fond of *you*," he observed. "Isn't it reciprocal?"

"She was too fond of me. I didn't believe it all," answered his daughter. Whereupon he laughed, rubbed his hand about his solid unbearded chin, and said she was getting too worldly-wise. Pen had said the reverse.

"Would you like this Mrs. Fancourt as a sort of companion? She's poor enough, I suppose, or she wouldn't go governessing. She isn't too young, either." Oh, would that the widow had heard him! "I dare say she'd be glad of the offer, and could give references, and all that. And then," he added, a minute afterwards, "I would feel much freer to come and go as I chose, when the exigencies of business require me to be so often absent; Mrs. Blubb is not caretaker enough for you, Esther. And I could dine in town, if it suited me, or at the works, or in my study, without thinking that I was leaving you alone; so that's settled. I'll write to Douglas by next post." And he went away.

His own chosen part of his handsome house, with all its suites of rooms, was a small apartment near the entrance-hall, fitted with presses and nests of pigeon-holes, and seedy furniture generally. For he became so accustomed to an old leathern easy chair (in which, indeed, the deceased Mr. Estridge had sat many a time and oft) that no new morocco-covered Chesterfield could be to him equally comfortable; and an ancient office-desk of oak was his favourite writing-place. Maps

were wafered and otherwise stuck to the wall without regard to symmetry; likewise an almanac and plans of various sorts. Anything but a comely room to a stranger's eye: to Mr. Lombard's far comelier than the velvet and plate-glass drawing-rooms. Thus in most rich houses is found an unsightly nook, the cherished haunt of the owner of all, and where he spends his happiest hours; yet he would reckon himself wretchedly provided were this favourite den the sole, and were he not possessor of splendid apartments which he never enjoys.

It will be observed that Esther gave no real assent to the proposition that her former governess should return in the capacity of companion and chaperon. With a girl of her timid nature and slow intellect, the bare declaration of a stronger will on the subject, or on almost any subject, was enough. And Mrs. Fancourt was a very agreeable and obliging woman. Esther really liked her, except for an uneasy perception that she was not true—that she flattered with her lips where there was anything to gain, and could also dissemble. How the heiress's heavy wits discriminated so far, or on what tangible grounds her impression rested, she could not herself have told.

And in due time, after due examination into what the advertisements style "references," Mrs. Fancourt made her appearance, and was installed. A rather faded woman, who had once been pretty, and was unwilling to be so no longer, but had to base her present pretensions chiefly on big eyes and a mass of dark hair, which she now began to wear in curls. The Misses Singlestick had objected to it otherwise than braided primly, and likewise ordained for her perpetual mourning. Mrs. Fancourt took upon herself to lighten it with violet and white at the present juncture, and flattered herself that the colours made her look at least a lustre younger. It had been years since she could afford to attend to such vanities; and the desire of looking well was not extinct.

So there was one person at all events made very happy by Mr. Lombard's new domestic arrangement. "You will be like wax in her hands in a week," Pen had predicted to her friend. The prophecy came true; but Esther was all the happier for having somebody to rule her, and decide the hours when she should drive and when she should walk. Also, it was her father's desire that Mrs. Fancourt should continue to superintend her studies in a measure. He knew that his daughter was not clever, and that any fire of intellect which had been kindled in her would require frequent fuel and much ministration to prevent its dying out altogether. He had a respect for reading people, though he read nothing himself but the newspaper.

Rarely he was with them in the evenings, even when at Castle Lough. The shabby little room, with the old oak desk and wafered maps, was his cherished retreat. He would send for tea from thence, and drink it while at the newspaper's share lists and other commercial news. This had occurred a few times, and secretly chagrined the officer's widow, when she came to the resolve of endeavouring to "change all that."

"Esther, my dear," she said, with a shake of her voluminous curls over her tatting, "you know, of course, that it is your primary duty to be a comfort to your dear papa."

The girl blushed painfully. Miss Singlestick had told her the same when she was leaving school. "But you see papa, Mrs. Fancourt, he doesn't want any comfort, and—and—I don't know exactly how I could do anything."

"Excuse me, my love, but that's the very point to which I was coming. Now there's this evening, for instance; your dear papa is sitting alone—alone," added the widow, with emphasis, as if the word expressed a culmination of evils, "in that wretched little study. He is overworking himself. I have heard of people's brains giving way under such constant pressure. I wonder you don't see it, dear Esther," and she recommenced upon her little Catherine's wheels of tatting.

"I have often thought he did work too hard and too long," said his daughter, who was easily distressed about him; "but what can I do?"

"Well, my love, if your own instincts don't teach you that he should not be suffered to sit in that room alone for so many hours, and to send for a cup of tea in the way he does, like—like Robinson Crusoe, you can hardly expect *me* to suggest any plan. Of course you are the one mainly interested, and have your dear papa's welfare much more at heart than I."

"I wonder if my asking him to join us would make any difference," observed Esther, hesitatingly; "but I think he likes best to be in that study. He does not care for ladies' society when his own mind is full of those great projects—"

"No matter, my dear, your duty is clear," interrupted the widow, not pleased at the main idea of Esther's last sentence. "He may have mistaken views—men generally have. I am sure the whole lives of us poor women are spent in rectifying their mistakes, and taking care of them as far as they will let us. Go, dear Esther; when your honoured papa put me in the responsible position of your chaperon"—Mrs. Fancourt preferred this word—"he expected me, of course, to point out the path of duty, and this seems to me—"

Esther lost the rest as she opened the drawing-room door. There was no apartment filled with strangers into which she would not sooner have gone than into the small study where her father sat. She pictured to herself his cold, composed face turning round to see who entered; she always dreaded the gaze of those scrutinizing eyes, which yet she loved with strongest filial love. Perfectly well she knew what his answer would be; but the idea of duty was already beginning to assert itself over Esther's mind, and, though it was Mrs. Fancourt who had found this duty for her, she would none the less go through with it.

He seemed anything but uncomfortable or lonely when she opened the door, after knocking, and saw the surprise she expected in his face. A pile of papers was at his elbow, which he was reading and marking for his clerks' answers; a blazing fire flung forth ruddy light, which almost swamped that of the lamp; and he lay in the easiest of positions in his easy chair.

"Oh, Esther; I thought you might be James with tea," he observed, raising himself.

"Papa,"—she stood at the office-table, and knitted her fingers nervously as she addressed him—"Mrs. Fancourt and I thought you might be lonely; and I came to ask if you would not join us in the drawing-room for tea."

"Lonely!" he repeated the word so unwonted to his ideas: "I have been accustomed nearly all my life to be alone; so don't mind me, Esther. I am much obliged to you and Mrs. Fancourt, but I am too busy to-night. Draw the door close after you, and send me a cup of tea when you have it made."

He resumed the noting of his letters, thinking at the same time what a terrible bore it would be to sit idly in the drawing-room for the next two hours with a pair of women whose abilities he thoroughly despised.